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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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JULY, 1821.  
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*MISS HALLANDE.*

**T**O foster rising merit, and to aid in giving celebrity to superior talent, is the indispensable duty of the artist and the biographer. A periodical work of known popularity is well calculated to promote that cause which ought to be general, especially when it brings to light the excellence of that sex, which demands, in a peculiarly interesting degree, the support and protection of the other.

We see, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, that the managers of our two great national theatres, are actuated by the same feelings as ourselves, in the desire to encourage the youthful candidate for public favor. It is still in the remembrance of many, that it was requisite for the performer to be almost a veteran in the histrionic art, by practice at different country theatres, before any hopes could be formed of getting an engagement on the London boards. Ladies near forty, and, perhaps, more, appeared as boarding-school romps, pert chambermaids, and girlish Spanish Donnas, while the youthful beauty was thrown into the back-ground, to acquire the business of the stage, but from whence, perhaps, from her talents never having been brought into proper play, she could never emerge.

The merit of the fair object of our present sketch was easily discovered by one accustomed to the appreciation of real talent, and he scrupled not to give her a handsome

engagement, though she was only seventeen years of age, totally unused to the stage, and all stage-business. She made her *very* first appearance at the highly-patronized and truly well-conducted theatre, of Covent-Garden, towards the commencement of the present season, in the character of the First Violetta, in Don John; or, The Two Violettas. At this, her *début*, Miss Hallande was received by a crowded and respectable audience, in the most flattering manner. Her songs were not only encored, but a very illustrious personage, who was present, sent word to the manager, to assure him that he had been highly gratified.

Miss Hallande owes the applause she receives to native talent alone: she had seen but few plays, but those few seemed to her enthusiastic mind to furnish a visionary world of delight. Being present at the wedding of a friend at Worcester, she visited the theatre there a few nights, and then resolutely determined on a theatrical life; at the same time, her musical talents prompted her to take some lessons of a gentleman belonging to Worcester Cathedral: this, certainly, was not of much aid as to stage-music, yet it laid a good ground-work for vocal science.

On the arrival of Miss Hallande in London, after her relying for a short time on promises, which, we understand, were rather fallacious, she made her own engagement with no other assistance than her individual merit. She has, after conquering the terror and difficulty naturally attendant on a first *début* at such a theatre as Covent-Garden, continued to perform with increased success; and with much applause at concerts, for which we think her voice peculiarly adapted. Her figure is rather *petite*; but in the characters she performs at present, this is no disadvantage. The lady is, we understand, a native of Somerset.

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#### VOLTAIRE AND MADAME DE CHATALET.

It was well-known, that a long attachment had existed between these two celebrated characters; and the licensed, or rather depraved, manners of France, made them long inmates of the same house at Cirey, where the husband and

the brother of the lady were so kindly accommodating, as very frequently to pay her visits for several days at a time.

The celebrated St. Lambert, when he visited Voltaire, was much admired by Madame de Chatelet; and we hope we shall not incur the charge of ill-nature by remarking, that when a woman once swerves from conjugal duty, she seldom confines her regard to *one* object. Voltaire's darling Emilie did not fail to prefer the handsome St. Lambert to the philosopher, who was extremely jealous of the private interviews which were continually taking place between Madame and so formidable a rival. One day, after the decease of Madame de Chatelet, who died in child-birth, her husband was, with Voltaire, examining the case, wherein Madame had kept some valuable rings: they both felt inclined to forgive all that was past, and their tenderness only was awakened. At length they came to a ring, which particularly struck them by its appearance, the collet of which was large enough to contain a small miniature. Voltaire became remarkably attentive. The curiosity of one gentleman increased, the uneasiness of the other was augmented, and they were both agitated by their own individual feelings; each, however, expected to find there his own picture, especially as Madame de Chatelet excelled in painting, and each thought again that the ring had been a present from the other to one they both sincerely regretted. This flattering and natural idea, made them both eager to open so precious a trinket. In the mean time, during this little contention, the spring opened of itself in their hands: Voltaire trembled as he approached; but what was his surprise,—it was not his picture, but that of St. Lambert! He received this shock with his usual philosophy, but not without a severe stroke of satire. "Ah! Monsieur de Chatelet," said he, "let neither of us boast too much!" Then whispering almost to himself, he said, "Ah! such are the generality of women! After all, I drove away the Duke of Richelieu, and St. Lambert drove me away!"

## MARRIAGE;

A TALE.  
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One word, one gentle word;—'tis all I ask.

SHENSTONE.

Her ladyship wept violently for some time; but her resolution was instantly formed. Assisted by Lady Isabella, she sketched with trembling hand the following words, which concurring circumstances rendered almost illegible:—

“To be allowed a residence of your's, on any conditions, is a mercy which I could never have hoped for. Let me then bury my guilt and misery at Richley, and do you, if possible, obliterate all remembrance of me from your mind, till penitence and death shall blot out my offences.”

The recovery of Lady Desmond (if such it could be called) was extremely slow, and it was some months before she was at all capable of undertaking her projected journey. Sir William had quitted the house as soon as she was declared out of danger; and being thus at liberty to indulge her inclinations, she determined once more to go through the apartments before she left them for ever; and, taking the arm of Lady Isabella, she strayed from one room to another, dwelling with agonizing minuteness on the various remembrances that each awoke. “Oh! Isabella,” she cried, “what a change is here! what an air of desolation does every thing wear! how mournful is this silence! And to whom is all this owing? To myself alone! to my own want of stability, and to a pernicious system of education, which has nourished every dangerous passion to the prejudice of all that was dear or honorable. I have been taught religion; but, alas! it has been its form, not its essence; and the assumed garb has only served as an additional grace to my other fatal attractions, without ever touching my heart. My inclinations were uncontrolled by principle; and, destitute of this powerful guard, I have fallen a sacrifice to vice, though virtue alone has possessed my admiration, and been the object of my desire. Oh! ye,” she added, with energy, “who are possessed of a



blessing, which I, alas! shall never enjoy! ye, who are rich in the possession of fair and innocent daughters, shield them from the snare that lurks for their destruction! Educate them on the broad basis of religion and morality; make them rationally and practically pious, and beware how you leave them, by a reprehensible attention only to the external endowment of nature, to the seductions of sense, and the delusions of sentiment. Dare to be thus unfashionable, and you may spare yourselves and them the pangs that rend the breast of her, who was once your envy, and the world's boast. Isabella," she continued, after a short pause, "what a revolution has taken place, and in how short a time! but a few months since, and I came a bride to this house, surrounded by all that could charm the eye, or delight the heart—now I leave it a discarded wife, precipitated from the height of bliss to the very depth of misery, a wretch without one hope—except the grave."

"Say not so," said Lady Isabella, interrupting her, "comparative happiness may yet be your's."

"Impossible," replied her ladyship; "the woman who, like me, has broken the vows of chastity and faith, who, in the sight of Heaven, of man, and her own conscience, stands convicted a degraded and guilty wretch, can never look for happiness, since she has no right to expect to rise again in her own estimation, or in that of the world, without which pleasure must spread its fascinations in vain."

"I spoke not of happiness resulting from pleasure," said Lady Isabel, "but from that arising from sincere repentance of former errors, and the just performance of present duties. Such happiness surely may be the lot of the most depraved."

"Let her then," returned her ladyship, "avoid the open walks of life, and hide in obscurity her shame and her disgrace, where her penitence may be as secret as it is severe. Here then, Isabella, the world and I part for ever! farewell to all my splendid dreams, to all, but that recollection which shall teach me what I was—what I might have been—what I am!"

The travellers proceeded by easy stages to Richley, where they found every thing prepared for their accommodation and comfort that the most anxious solicitude could suggest;

but external convenience could conduce little to the satisfaction of a heart so incurably wounded as Lady Desmond's. With her, time and season were alike; and though she uttered no complaint, nor even alluded to her sufferings, it was evident that grief was sapping the springs of life, and gradually, but certainly, conducting her to an untimely grave. Patient, gentle, and resigned, the bitter agony that consumed her, and the severe penitence that she imposed upon herself, might have escaped the observation of any one less interested than Lady Isabella; but the eyes of friendship could not be deceived; and the affectionate girl beheld her exemplary conduct and increasing danger with mingled sentiments of respect and sorrow. Unable sometimes to control her emotion, as she observed the rapid diminution of strength which Lady Desmond every day evinced, her distress would attract the attention of her cousin. "Weep not, my Isabella," she would then exclaim, "but rather be thankful, that time has been allowed me to prove my sorrow, and to wash away with tears of unfeigned contrition the load of guilt which weighs me down. For myself, I hail suffering, and kiss the chastening rod that now afflicts me. Rejoice then with me that the period of my probation is nearly accomplished, and share with me the hope, that that happiness which I so justly forfeited here, is, through the mercy that never fails, about to be restored to me for ever."

The name of De Courcy had never passed her lips since her first enquiry after his safety, and having learnt, through the conversation of Lady Isabella, that he was abroad with his family, she never appeared solicitous to obtain any further intelligence whatever. The winter had continued with remarkable severity, and its effects were very visible on the sufferer, who was now evidently in the last stage of consumption, and Lady Isabella was but too well assured that a few months only could be the extent of her existence. Never, however, had she appeared more interesting, or more fascinating; that fatal bloom, which is the usual concomitant of her complaint, concealed the ravages of disease upon her once-blooming cheek; the majestic dignity of her figure was softened, but not destroyed, and the mild expression that now beamed in her eyes, fully atoned for the diminu-

tion of that brilliancy which formerly distinguished them. Like a beautiful ruin, she still stood alone in loveliness, and dearer in decay than in the plenitude of splendor. It had been for some time her delight, to lie upon a sofa, so placed that she could command a view of the lawn and shrubbery, and here, from day to day, she watched the variation of of the season. The snowdrop, earliest harbinger of Spring, now began to peep forth. Lady Isabella one morning presented her with the first she had observed. Lady Desmond accepted the offering with a mournful smile, and, after a little pause, said, "Isabella! how just an emblem of myself! once I was as pure; soon shall I be as cold! 'The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves.' I have lived to see the beginning of the year; but the flowers of the next shall blossom on my grave. I have few wishes now on earth; but I will tell you what those few are lest I should hereafter be unable." She paused, and her eyes resting involuntarily on her almost transparent hand, she held it up to the light, and with peculiar accent exclaimed, "And once I was proud of this—see, death has already set his seal upon it, and marred for ever its beauties. Oh! that from me the lesson of admonition could be learnt by all, that every one could know from me the vanity and danger of those accomplishments and graces which are so eagerly desired, and so earnestly pursued. Isabella! this is my wedding-ring; oh! how unworthy am I to wear it, and how bitter have been the reproofs that it has conveyed! This is one De Courcy gave me: think not," continued she, remarking the surprize that appeared on the countenance of her weeping auditor, "that I have worn it to encourage the remembrance of a guilty passion. Oh! no, my views were very different. I placed them together that while they pierced my heart with the recollection that they brought, I might be constantly reminded of my transgression, and of the penance due to my crime. When, however, I am no more, let it be restored with the letter I shall leave, to De Courcy; Henry will doubtless execute the commission, and as such I will leave him proper instructions. This give to Sir William. Oh! Isabella, I could have wished to have seen him before I die, and to have received from his lips the assurance of his forgiveness; but this can never be;

amiable as he is, he will never comply with such a desire. Write, however, to him, and tell him that I once more implore his pardon, and by all his former goodness, entreat him to sooth my departing spirit with the last words of comfort and peace." Lady Isabel immediately addressed Sir William, and, repeating nearly all that had passed between Lady Desmond and herself, she, in the most pathetic terms, urged his compliance with the secret wishes of her unhappy cousin.

With Sir William, time had passed with equal wretchedness; he had wandered from country to country in the pursuit of some alleviation to his sorrow; but the worm that preyed on his heart made all seasons and climes alike, and the shadow of his former self he returned to England, where his enquiries concerning the health of his still-loved Georgiana were many and frequent. The letter he now received pierced him to the heart; and, almost without an hour's preparation, he left London for Richley; to which place he travelled with the utmost speed lest he should be too late to impart the consolation he panted to give; for his absence from town had caused the delay of a day. Fearful of creating any surprise, he dismissed his carriage a short distance from the house, and reaching the private entrance, he proceeded to the rooms that were formerly appropriated to his own use; and from thence dispatched a summons to Lady Isabella. Unprepared for his appearance, she started back with astonishment on beholding him. "Am I too late?" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, seizing her hand; "but say not that I am, or this wretched heart will break." Her ladyship immediately relieved his fears, and having succeeded in restoring him to some degree of composure, she withdrew to break the unexpected intelligence to Lady Desmond. He saw her depart with renewed emotion, and pacing the room with hasty, irregular steps, now he listened with impatience for her return, and now he felt, that if Georgiana consented to an interview, he should be unable to support it; then again seating himself, he remained immovable, endeavoring to catch the least sound, and occasionally insensible to every thing but his own miserable thoughts.

In the meantime, Lady Isabella had repaired to the apartment of Lady Desmond; she approached her softly, for she



thought she was asleep. Light, however, as were her footsteps, her ladyship heard them, and well-knowing whose alone they could be, she stretched her hand to her without opening her eyes, and exclaimed, "Whither have you been, my Isabella? I am very selfish; but you are my only comfort. It is surely late, for I have long expected you. I am more than usually sad to-day—Oh! I had flattered myself that you would have had an answer from Desmond this morning. He denies my request then: alas! how can I expect that pardon from Heaven which a fellow-creature refuses to grant?" Tears, such as she had long ceased to shed, stopped her utterance. "Think not so unkindly, dearest Georgiana," said Lady Isabella, gently: "Sir William is all generosity—even now, I have comfort to impart." The faded countenance of her ladyship lighted up with a momentary ray of joy, and with trembling eagerness, she articulated, "Then communicate it quickly, whilst I have strength to hear it—tell it at once, for I can bear no suspense." "Sir William then," said Lady Isabella, "freely grants you his forgiveness, and——" "May Heaven reward him!" energetically interrupted her ladyship. "Oh! Isabella," added she, burying her head in her bosom, "had he but breathed the word himself, the measure of my happiness would have been full." "But could you support an interview," said Lady Isabella, "if he really desired it?" "Perhaps I could not; the moment that presented him to my view might, indeed, be my last; but I would hazard it without hesitation: but what do you mean?" she exclaimed, for the peculiar expression of her ladyship's countenance communicated a vague suspicion to her mind of its meaning. "Speak, I implore you; will Desmond—does he say that—he will see me?" "Georgiana, my beloved cousin," returned her ladyship, "exert yourself; Sir William does wish to see you—he is here." With a convulsive gasp, Lady Desmond sunk back on the sofa; but almost instantly recovering, she cried with trepidation, "Delay not a moment; go, my Isabella, bring him hither at once, lest I should sink before he arrives." Her ladyship required no further command, but disappeared immediately.

(To be continued.)

## OPINIONS OF OLD ENGLISH AUTHORS

ON INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

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## LOVE.

THE force of *love*, to those poor folk that feel it, is in many ways very strange, but no way stranger than that it doth so enchain the lover's judgment upon her that holds the reins of his mind, that whatsoever she doth, is ever in his eyes *best*; and that *best* being turned by her to any other thing, that thing again becometh *best*; so that nature in each kind suffering but one superlative, the lover only admits no *positive*. If she sit still, that is best; for so is the conspiracy of her several graces held best together, to make one perfect figure of beauty. If she *walk*, no doubt that is best; for, besides the making happy the more places by her steps, the very stirring adds a pleasing life to her native perfections. If she be *silent*, that, without comparison, is best, since by that means, the untroubled eye most freely may devour the sweetness of its object; but if she *speak*, he will take it upon his death, that is best; the quintessence of each word being distilled down into his affected soul.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Love utterly subverts the course of nature, in making reason give place to sense, and man to woman. And truly I think hereupon it first gat the name of *love*; for, indeed, the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing loved; uniting, and, as it were, incorporating it, with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of love imitate the excellent; for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue, virtuous, so doth the love of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate love of a woman doth so *womanize* a man, that if he yield to it, it will not only make him an Amazon, but a launder, a distaff, a spinner, or whatsoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands perform.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas, it has been well said, that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self, certainly the lover is more; for there never was proud man thought so absurdly well of himself, as the lover doth of the person loved: and, therefore, it was well said, "That it is impossible to love, and to be wise." Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved; but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciproque; for it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque, or with an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more ought men to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself! As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them, that he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom.

LORD BACON.

They do best, who if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love; I think it but as they are given to wine; for *perils* commonly ask to be paid in *pleasures*.

Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and debaseth it.

LORD BACON.

Love is the pleasant frenzy of the mind,  
And frantic men in their mad actions shew  
A happiness that none but madmen know;  
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason's bound;  
But *Paradise* is in th' enchanted ground.

DRYDEN.

(To be continued.)

## RETRIBUTION ;

OR,

## THE PUNISHMENT OF DISCONTENT.

*(Concluded from page 276, Vol XIII.)*

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I SAW my body deposited with great solemnity, in the coffin, and then followed the sable train who bore me to the tomb of my ancestors. With indescribable feelings I heard them read a funeral service, in which the worthy pastor dwelt long on the moral virtues of my character—on my bitter misfortunes, and on the pious hope that I had found a refuge for my woes and my errors in the bosom of mercy. I heard them pronounce the words “dust to dust, and ashes to ashes”—I heard the earth, which had been disturbed to make room for me, rattle on the coffin-lid. A cold shivering came over me; my eyes closed, and I indulged the hope, that with my mortal remains I was now, indeed, going to sink into nothing, and to sleep for ever.

Vain hope! In the course of a few hours, I awoke again to hated existence. I looked fearfully around, and found myself still in the burying ground, close to the tomb, where lay my body in its cheerless bed. I fled with trembling feet, and horror-struck mind; but the ground was enclosed by a high wall, and the gates were locked. Despair gave me strength; and I at length by means of a tomb-stone, got over the wall, and directed my steps to the mansion which had lately called me master. The gates of this beautiful little retreat were closed against me, nor did I possess one of the properties generally ascribed to disembodied spirits. I could not climb the walls, nor pass through bolts and bars, and the wants, and miseries to which a mortal frame is liable, I still keenly felt.

I spent the night in indescribable anguish, passing with hurried steps to and fro, before the outer gate of my late dwelling. When the servants at length opened the gate, I rushed in, and flew through the apartments till I found my



son. He was in bed, his rosy cheek rested on the bosom of Felix, and a heavenly smile played on his innocent features. I threw myself on the floor before the bed, and my exhausted frame found in sleep a few hours' unconsciousness.

I followed next day my friend and my boy to town. I slipped into the carriage, and heard my valuable friend instil into the mind of my son sentiments of the highest respect and affection for his deceased father. I saw my child weep over the memory of his parents; and my heart was softened and soothed.

For many years I followed the steps of my child; wherever he went, I followed with paternal solicitude, and watched over him with encreasing care. Often he was in personal danger, and I found, with the bitterest anguish, that I could give him no succour, nor could I, in any shape, warn him or his friends of his danger. My son chose the army for his profession. The noble Felix had liberally provided for Edward. He had an only daughter, who was, with him the idol of his soul; they were brought up for each other, and their marriage was decided on, when they discovered the purest and most ardent love, and their union was only delayed till they should be of age. In the mean time, war broke out, and Edward was called to the field. Continued suffering had now loaded me with infirmities. Still requiring the necessaries of food and clothing, yet endued from early infancy with a high sense of moral rectitude, I could not take from Felix what he never could conceive that I had taken, or could stand in need of; far less could I brook to take any thing I required from another. I looked on it as no better than theft. I might have fared sumptuously, and have clothed myself splendidly, for whatever clothes I put on, and whatever food, or other substance, I took into my hands, or touched, immediately became for ever invisible to every human creature. But far from profiting by this, I wrapped my wretched frame in the meanest and scantiest rags, which I wore till the last thread was falling off; and I took of the very coarsest food, merely enough to allay the pangs of hunger. These hardships tended still more to

render me weak and infirm. Yet notwithstanding, I determined on following my son to the field of battle. I saw him part from Ethelinde, his betrothed bride, and from the virtuous Felix. I left with him our native country; I followed him through scenes of blood and slaughter; I saw him perform prodigies of valour, and heard him extolled as one of the first heroes of his country. I followed him back to our native shore; there I saw him raised to wealth and honor, and the highest military rank. I saw him united to Ethelinde; I saw him close the eyes of the noble Felix, with all the sorrow and affection of a child; and I felt what I had lost. I saw my grandchildren rise like beautiful young blossoms around my son and his virtuous wife, while I was scarcely able to stretch forth my feeble hands over them to bless them. Again the trump of war sounded. Edward rushed to the field; with feeble steps I followed him. I saw him fall! He died in the arms of victory; and a grateful nation mourned for him, and consecrated his name in the annals of glory. For many months I wept by the grave of my brave and renowned son, in a foreign land; but my heart yearned for my grandchildren; and once more I returned to my native shore. The widow and the sons of my Edward soon followed him to the grave. One daughter alone remained. Years rolled on, and to her I still clung. She was married; she became the mother of a numerous family, and died in a good old age. To her youngest son, who bore the living image of my beloved Edward, and my own unfortunate name, I particularly attached myself. He was an adventurous youth; at an early age he went to sea, with a gallant admiral, on a voyage of discovery. In their passage, during a dark and stormy night, he fell overboard. I heard his cries, and plunged in after him. I was cursed with the impossibility of losing my life; but my great-grandchild perished. Long I struggled with the roaring waters, and suffered a thousand deaths. At length I was cast upon a desert island, with the body of the youthful Frederic. I discovered a large and beautiful cavern in the solid rock. Here I interred his beloved remains, and here I took up my solitary abode. Never again did the form of a human-being bless my sight, nor the sound of a human

voice break upon my ear. The howling winds and waves, the cries of the monsters of the deep, and the shrill pipe of the sea fowl, were the only sounds I heard, while uncounted years rolled on; and no object met my eye, but the barren desert isle, the wild craggy shore, the tumbling ocean, (never touched by the keel of a vessel) and the bright host of heaven—the sun, the moon, and stars.

Here, humbled in the dust, I began to feel and to confess the justice of God; and I devoted every hour to prayer and praise. I cut this history of my life on the smooth rock of my cavern, near to the place where rests the bones of young Frederic, my great-grandchild. I know that some human-being shall one day peruse them; for I have been assured in a dream, that these deep characters shall be visible to mortal eye, when I am no more. The period of my long and painful punishment draws near its close. The angel of God has again appeared to me, with pity beaming on his heavenly countenance, and words of mercy dropping like honey from his mouth. I go at length to the quiet grave, where I believe my body shall rest in peace. And I humbly trust in the promise of my God and my Saviour to bring my soul into the regions of everlasting joy. Whoever thou art, O child of mortality! who readest these lines, presume not to call in question the wisdom of the Most High God. Is man more just than Him, before whom the angels fall? Few of his works canst thou survey, and these few are beyond thy comprehension. Then bend to his will in silent resignation, and whatever thy fate, in sorrow or in joy, in prosperity or adversity, fall humbly at his footstool, worship and adore! Treasure up in thy memory, as a warning, the history, and last words of

FREDERIC.

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ORA.

## EDUCATION;

A VISION.

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It has been remarked, and I think with great justice, that nothing more clearly proves the immortality of the soul, than the restless activity of our thoughts. Prosperity may encrease, but adversity can rarely destroy it; success may nourish, but disappointment cannot conquer it. It begins with the first dawn of reason, but where it terminates, philosophy has not discovered, nor revelation made manifest. The leaf blossoms, fades, and is swept away for ever; the stream ceases to flow, and leaves only its gravelly bed to mark its former current; the fertile valley becomes a desert, and Nature herself is arrested in her course; but the spirit neither submits to limitation, nor is subject to change. One state is only preparatory for the enjoyment or fulfilment of another, and one source of information for the acquirement of more extended knowledge. The mind, in fact, is never in a quiescent state. No sooner is one theory laid aside, than another is formed, and no sooner is the fallacy of one opinion discovered, than another is conceived. Scheme follows scheme, and the events of to-day are fresh motives of action for to-morrow. Even sleep cannot materially affect it, for when our bodies repose, our imagination is still awake.

These thoughts were partly excited by a remarkable dream or vision, which I had a short time since; and as it made a lively impression upon me, I will endeavor to relate it as accurately as I am able. I ought to premise, that I had been reflecting for some time seriously upon the various modes of education now pursued, and was endeavoring to decide which was preferable; but before I had come to a determination, I fell into that sweet state which has all the delights of sleep, with all the charms of activity. I continued my reverie for some time in this pleasing situation, but I conclude that I afterwards sunk into a profound slumber.

My first idea was that of being touched by some one. I



looked up, and beheld one of the celestial beings by my side. I was at first alarmed at his appearance, but the benignity of his countenance and the gentle sounds of his voice reassured me. "Oswyn," said he, "observe the scene before thee, and reap that instruction from it that it offers thee." I turned my eyes whither he directed me, and beheld a large plain on which were assembled various groups of persons employed in a task that seemed earnestly to engage them. On farther examination, I perceived that they were each endeavoring to raise a structure, which by the variety of the materials that were collected round them, I concluded to be designed for some important purpose. I particularly noticed that they all pursued a different plan, and though some borrowed many hints from their neighbours, whose labors they regarded with a jealous and anxious eye, they were very desirous of concealing the circumstance, for they separately laid claim to originality, and so disguised what they thus acquired, by curtailments and additions, that probably they would have escaped the recognition of their own projectors. Notwithstanding this diversity, they succeeded, almost without an exception, in a most rapid manner, and many of the edifices were now rising with a degree of consequence and grandeur that attracted the astonishment and admiration of the numerous spectators that were watching their progress. For my own part, I was so completely engrossed by their imposing appearance, that I felt no inclination to withdraw my attention from them. My companion, however, did not allow me to remain in the enjoyment of my present gratification. "To be wise, Oswyn," said he, "it is necessary to view the whole, not a part: no conclusion can be just, that is not founded upon observation and experience. Look yonder."

I followed the direction of his finger, and beheld what I considered a very singular sight—In a retired part of the plain was a figure, who, unlike her companions, seemed to be bestowing all her labor and attention on the foundation of her building; for this part of her undertaking was scarcely completed. Massy and ponderous were the materials that composed it, and I saw that she observed with critical niceness every stone that she placed upon it. Struck with so unnecessary, and, apparently, so absurd a deviation from the

general rule, I could not help exclaiming against the folly of expending so much time to so little purpose, and contrasting the success that attended the labors of the others, with the diminutive progress of her's. "Did success," said the angel, "always attend upon merit, man would soon forget his dependance upon his Maker; and consider that the fruit of his own superiority and wisdom, which is only the gift of His gracious mercy. The All-wise weighs the motive, not the action, that the meanest may hope for favor, and the greatest fear his scrutiny and detection."

Slowly, however, as her work proceeded, I perceived, that tedious as it was, and careful as she seemed to be in the choice of her materials, she met with many disappointments. Sometimes an impetuous gust of wind destroyed the labor of hours; sometimes occasional dark clouds obscured her sight entirely, and at others, mists and various delusive appearances so dazzled her, that when she conceived her work was perfect, she afterwards discovered so many irregularities in it, that it took her almost as much time to repair these deficiencies as to construct a fresh part. In short, I could have laughed at her folly, if I had not respected her perseverance, for in spite of all her discouragements, she resolutely persisted in her task. I will not say, that she was more interested in the undertaking than the others, but her countenance wore a very opposite expression to their's. There was more anxiety depicted in it; but it was of a different kind, and her pleasure was equally dissimilar to her companions'. If she proceeded with any success, unusual smiles lightened her features, and she continued her occupation with increased ardour; but when disappointment frustrated her hopes, she looked with tearful earnestness towards Heaven, as if imploring assistance, and then resumed her labor with equal care, if not with equal buoyancy. Indeed, I observed, that almost on every occasion she addressed herself to Heaven, as if conscious of her own insufficiency, to implore additional aid at every fresh angle or corner of her building. Intent upon her own concern, she seldom bestowed much attention upon others; but I saw that she instantly adopted in their plans whatever she thought an improvement upon her own.

In the mean time, many of the other edifices had become

stately piles, and were not more distinguished for their magnitude than their grandeur. They were adorned with all that could charm the eye, and their gay and dazzling colors shone in the sun with meridian splendor. "What a pity," I again secretly exclaimed, "that yon figure should have so mistaken her plan; her industry might have erected as fair a structure as any of these." Whether she herself thought so, I cannot determine; but she occasionally turned her eyes upon the sparkling heaps of gold that were offered as incense at the shrines of her rivals; and the shouts of approval that frequently rent the air tinged her pale cheek with a tremulous blush; but this was but momentary, and she instantly averted her eyes from the view, and again cast them to Heaven. I was quite at a loss to understand what all this could mean, and was about to demand an explanation, when suddenly the sky overcast, thick clouds obscured the horizon, the thunder rolled in dreadful peals, and the vivid lightning flashed horribly through the gloom. In a few moments the whole face of appearances was changed. Many of the stupendous fabrics that had lately reared themselves so proudly, shook in the tempest, and fell amidst the crash of the elements; while others remained in so delapidated a state, that they served only as monuments of their ruin. The glittering and tinselled ornaments that had so lately excited my admiration, now lay scattered amidst the fragments useless and disregarded, making the destruction more visible. My heart filled with regret, and my eyes overflowed with tears; but again the angel disturbed my meditations, by directing my attention as before. I had forgotten the simple edifice of the solitary figure, and now expected to behold it levelled with the earth; but what was my surprise to find that not a stone had moved from its place; its foundation had been too firmly laid to expose it to the danger of any shock whatever; and now I became sensible of the omission that the others had been guilty of, and of the wisdom that I had before derided. From the pure whiteness of the material, of which it had been constructed, aided by the high polish it had received from the hand of its artist, it shone with a calm and steady brightness through the surrounding darkness; but what completed my astonishment was, to see that it not only remained uninjured by

the tempest, but that its dimensions seemed to encrease till its towering spire almost reached the sky. At this sight, the figure sunk upon her knees; her countenance became irradiated with more than mortal happiness, and extending her hands rapturously towards Heaven, she remained in an attitude of grateful and profound devotion.

The harmonious voice of the angel now again saluted my ears, "Oswyn," said he, "let not what thou hast seen be forgotten; and let thy doubts be for ever dispelled. The light of education is the gift of Heaven to favored man; but man too often perverts the blessing, and makes his happiness his bane. No knowledge is good, but that which renders him useful to his fellow-creatures, and teaches him to rise superior to the troubles of life, while it prepares him for his eternal abode after death. Adorn then the structure with every grace, and let elegance refine what solidity has begun; but remember, that the only basis of education is religion, and its strongest pillars—the fear of God!

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### SHORT REFLECTIONS

UPON THE ASSERTED INEQUALITY OF THE TWO SEXES;

BY THE

LATE ADMIRER MRS. LEFROY, SISTER OF SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

HAPPENING lately to be in a company where Madan's "Thelipthora" was the subject of discourse, I was astonished to find the impression his arguments had made even on superior minds. One proof alone which was brought of the truth of his assertions, seemed to me to have any weight—that, under the Mosaic dispensation, a plurality of wives was so far from being considered as a crime, that the custom was sanctified by the brightest patterns of piety and morality, nor do we, in any instance, find the Almighty expressing his anger at the practice. How then can that be looked upon as unlawful, which, in former ages, was thought at least innocent, if not meritorious? I was told that with the Almighty, there was no variableness nor shadow of turning, that his laws are immutable, and that as he can never contradict what he has once established, all the texts in



the New Testament, which have been interpreted as discouraging polygamy, must have been either improperly translated, or misunderstood. Unable to confute these assertions, I returned home. Confused, but not convinced, I believed it impossible that the merciful gracious God should form one half of his creatures, endued with intellectual powers naturally equal, merely to be the slaves of the other; to suffer, without complaining, the bitterest injuries, and in return for the purest love and the most faithful friendship, to have no right to claim more than a share in the fortune of the husband, while they were compelled to behold his affections transferred to some worthless rival, who with no other perfections than youth and beauty, might insult their sorrows, and triumph in their mortification. The God of mercy and of truth could never authorise such a cruel and unequal compact: that he did not originally allow it, one wife only being created for Adam, is to me a sufficient proof. Why then may not woman, being thus degraded from her rank in the creation, be part of the punishment of that transgression, by which she brought sin and death into the world? and when in the fulness of time the prophecy was accomplished, and the seed of the woman had bruised the serpent's head; when the Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing on his wings, to break the bonds of the oppressed, and set the captive free, why might not woman be freed from her part of the curse, and restored to be as she was at first created, the friend and companion of man. Whoever reads over the account of the creation, will find there is no mention of inferiority when Eve was formed; it is after the fall, and as a part of the punishment, that God says, "Her desire shall be to her husband, and he shall *rule* over her." Man's superior strength of body and firmness of mind were probably intended to enable him to gain that ascendancy, which I am ready to acknowledge for the good of society, and even for the happiness of individuals, the husband ought to possess over the wife. Let then man be content with this power, and not wish to exchange the voluntary submission of the heart for the mean and servile homage of a slave, trembling at the frown of the oppressor

## THE NIGHT OF TERRORS.

AN HISTORICAL FACT, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

*(Concluded from page 323, Vol. XIII.)*

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THE honest girl had not long quitted him, before the old shepherd, with a friendly countenance, came to shew him to the chamber where the bed had been got ready, from which he was never to have risen again. Maximilian readily, and apparently without suspicion, followed him into the wretched apartment. His host soon withdrew, and seemingly with the best-natured simplicity, wished him good night. But to think of sleep under such circumstances, the Archduke certainly could not; he felt no longer fatigued, on the contrary, he had become perfectly alert and vigorous. He was now seriously considering the means he should employ to defend himself against the attack of the assassins. The first thing he did was to barricado the shattered door in the best manner feasible, pushing before it a large chest that stood in the chamber; then seizing his well-loaded gun, he laid his naked sword on the chest; and thus prepared, he resolved to wait the event with patience, though not without some trepidation, as he himself afterwards acknowledged.

It might be about the hour of midnight, when the shepherd, having observed the great lassitude of his guest, and making no doubt that he was by this time sunk into a profound slumber, stole as softly as possible towards the chamber, in order to dispatch him. But how much was the miscreant astonished on finding the door which, at other times, he could open with ease, now so well fastened. He softly makes several attempts to open it; his exertions, however, are the less availing, as he wishes at first carefully to avoid every noise that might disturb the supposed sleeper. The door remains, as it were, hermetically sealed. At length the villain's patience is exhausted. He begins with a gentle tap, and, receiving no answer, he proceeds to knock

louder, requesting his guest to let him in, as he had forgotten to take a bed-quilt, that he had occasion for, out of the chest that stood in the chamber.

The Archduke finding it by this time highly probable, and being convinced even, that the warning he had received from the well-disposed bride of the shepherd's son, was true, he positively refused to comply with this request, affirming, in a firm and resolute tone, that, as long as it was dark, he would not admit any one into his room. This decided declaration exasperated the blood-thirsty robber beyond measure; his wrath and disappointment broke forth in the most opprobrious terms, and in horrid oaths and menaces. At last, he cried out, that he should call his people, and should know how to punish the man who dared to contest his domestic privilege with him under his own roof.

While the infuriated shepherd continued threatening at the well-barricadoed door, and impatiently stormed and vociferated, Maximilian, without proffering a single syllable in reply, sat composedly on the chief rampart of his fort, the chest, and already began indulging the hope, that his vigilance and courageous opposition would make the assassins alter their mind, when the noise at the door increased, and became incessant. The son and the man-servant had heard the abusive language and menaces of the old shepherd; they hastened to his assistance, and the crazy door, unable to resist the united efforts of three assailants, yielded to their power, and was shattered to pieces. The murderers forced their way into the chamber, the old shepherd being at their head; but the Archduke, who, even in the hottest strife of battle, never wanted presence of mind and personal courage, had already seized his gun; he fires, and the old shepherd falls, just as he was entering, and expires weltering in his blood. Maximilian quickly throws away the discharged piece, grasps his sword, and advancing rapidly towards the door, with the fierceness of a lion, attacks the other two fellows, cleaves with one stroke (a proof of the muscular strength of the prince) the head of the shepherd's son, and puts to flight the man-servant, who was terrified at the shocking catastrophe of his masters.

Maximilian now fancied that he had overcome every danger by his resolute behaviour, since two of the inmates of

the hut lay dead at his feet, and a third had fled in terror and dismay; but he was not yet safe. A new and more perilous storm awaited him. The wife and daughter of the fallen shepherd had raised a dreadful lamentation in front of the hut. The report of the gun and the unusual noise at such a time, and in so still and lonely a place, had roused all the neighbouring shepherds from their sleep; for several other huts, which in the darkness of the night had remained unobserved by the Archduke, were standing at no very great distance from the spot.

In their hurry, these men seized whatever was within their reach, and could serve them as a weapon, and flocked to the cottage, which was, almost in a moment, surrounded on all sides. The shepherdess, who, on a sudden, had lost both her husband and her son, screamed violently for help, and demanded vengeance on the murderer and robber, as she persisted in calling the unknown stranger. Tremendous was the hue and cry of the arriving multitude, and loudly they called upon the Archduke, who still resolutely defended himself in the dark, to surrender.

During this contest and uproar, the morn began to dawn. It was then that Maximilian surveyed, not without terror, the imminent danger in which his recently-preserved life was involved; for the number of countrymen, who had hastened to the scene of action, appeared considerable, and he saw very plainly, that all further resistance would be absolute folly, and certain death the only result he could possibly expect from it. The truly courageous are never at a loss. The Archduke deliberately sheathed his reeking sword, and with a majestic air, stepped forward to the assembled crowd, announcing to them that he was the viceroy of Spain, who, having lost his way in the chace, had accidentally got into this den of murderers, where a plot had been concerted against his life, which he had only been able to save by force of arms. He further represented to them what risk their own lives and property would be exposed to, if they were to kill him, or in any way attempt to lay violent hands on his person; at the same time he desired, in case they disbelieved his assertion, to be conducted by them to the nearest magistrate, where, no doubt, the matter would soon be decided.



At first, they incredulously shook their heads at this declaration, but the dignified behaviour the Archduke had manifested towards them, the frankness with which he had just spoken, and above all, perhaps, the costliness of his apparel, afterwards induced them to think he would scarcely have gone forth with an intent to rob a poor shepherd's cot, and to murder its peaceful inmates. They, therefore, spared his life, but took him into the midst of them, tied his hands, as they would those of an apprehended highway-robber, on his back, and, in this disgraceful manner, immediately proceeded to drag their reigning lord lieutenant before the justice of the next borough.

Thither a part of the Archduke's suite had already arrived, the rest having divided in various directions, and spent the whole night in researches, which were to have been pursued likewise in this quarter. The courtiers and servants of the Viceroy felt not a little astonished on beholding their lord and master with his hands tied on his back, and surrounded by a band of armed peasants, dragged along like a common culprit, and were so displeased and irritated at it, as to be on the point of falling upon the escort, and rescuing him from the gripe of this militia, when he himself expressly forbade all forcible interference, and commanded them patiently to await the issue. They obeyed; the Viceroy was brought before the justice of the place, and he, as may easily be imagined, decided this cause without any formalities. The poor shepherds stared with unfeigned astonishment, and gradually became much alarmed for their own safety; but Maximilian evinced in this instance also a mild forgiving mind, and was far from entertaining any wish to be avenged for the night of terrors he had passed, and for the dreadful danger in which he had been involved. The herdsmen who had dragged him bound to the office of the magistrate, he himself dismissed on the spot, and without any punishment whatever. The fugitive man-servant only of the late shepherd was arrested, and publicly executed for having been an active participator in the murderous plot. The shepherd's hut, in which the horrid deed was to have been perpetrated, was razed to the ground, and converted into a heap of ashes; but the young

woman, who, with so much sympathy and discretion, had cautioned the Archduke against his danger, was rewarded with princely munificence; for she not only received very ample presents, but was also, as long as she lived, held in the highest esteem by himself, and the whole of his court.

J. B. D.

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#### DETACHED THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

It is foolish to grieve for what we cannot help, and why should we grieve for what we can?

It is worthy of remark, that most persons who are distinguished for ingenuity have small eyes; but it does not thence follow, that every one with small eyes is ingenious.

Nothing is more true than that sorrow induces sloth.

Generally speaking, it is better to lose an advantage through procrastination, than to run into an evil by precipitancy.

The two vices most prevalent in the world are selfishness and ingratitude.

A violent temper is not incompatible with a good heart; but good humour can hardly dwell with a malevolent disposition.

An obstinate disposition that can only be swayed by kindness, may be compared to an iron instrument, which is only rendered ductile by heat.

A parent may instruct a child how to control his passions, but no authority whatever can compel him to control them.

The most candid disposition will find it necessary, in its intercourse with the world, sometimes to hide what it does feel, and at others to assume what it does not.

True love, like true religion, is seated deep in the heart; ostentation is as despicable in the one case as the other.

No oppressor is so intolerable as a pusillanimous tyrant.

(To be continued.)

## THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

## Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

*(Continued from page 205, Vol. XIII.)*

*The panic into which some robbers threw Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. King of England, occasions her to escape with her son from the pursuit of Edward IV.'s partisans, who had wrested the crown from Henry VI. and confined him in the Tower of London.*

THE disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster, who successively seized the crown of England, are too well known to need any description here.

Henry VI. third king of the house of Lancaster, was a prince of a mild, humane, and pacific disposition; but without suspicion, without activity, without vigour, in one word, very unfit to govern the English, especially at a time when every day produced some new conspiracy. He long tottered on the throne, from whence he would have been precipitated at the first shock, had not his wife, who possessed the abilities of the greatest ministers, and the valor of the bravest heroes, supported him. Margaret of Anjou surpassed all the women of her time in beauty, and discharged all the duties of a good wife towards her husband. On her arrival in England she examined into the government with strict attention, and perceived that it wanted reformation. She began by gaining the confidence of the king, and removed from court all who might frustrate her designs, and employed those who were capable of being useful to her. Ever observant and active, she knew and regulated every thing. The English were peaceable, and behaved with due respect and submission to their king. This tranquillity would have lasted, and the crown remained in the house of Lancaster, if Henry would have followed the cruel, but, indeed, necessary, counsels of Margaret. The house of York, which had

formerly filled the throne, was the irreconcilable enemy of that of Lancaster. The queen was for preventing by every method the attempts which they might make; but Henry, judging of the sincerity of others by himself, opposed the advice of the queen, and was satisfied with the submission the Yorkists made to him. But he was soon the dupe of his own kindness. The security in which he lived, gave the Duke of York time to form a party and attack the king, whom he found in a defenceless state, and to seize the crown.

Margaret of Anjou possessed too elevated a soul to be dejected by this accident. She immediately raised an army, put herself at the head of it, went in pursuit of the enemy, and defeated them; then falling in with a body of forces, commanded by the Earl of Warwick, she cut them in pieces, and entered victoriously into the city of London, released her husband from the Tower, and placed him on the throne. The Duke of York repaired his loss, and appeared again at the head of a fresh army. The queen marched to give him battle with the same courage, but not with the same success. Henry VI. involved her in his misfortunes: she was defeated, and forced to fly.

This unfortunate princess had with her during the battle, her son, the Prince of Wales, whom she loved to such a degree, that she would not trust him to the care of any person. This tenderness had nearly cost both of them their lives. The enemy, after the battle, pursued them with such ardor as struck a terror into those who accompanied them in their flight, and the queen and prince were left alone in a large forest. There, a gang of robbers meeting with them, stopped and plundered them of all they had. These villains were no sooner become masters of the spoils of these respectable personages, than they differed about the partition, and came to blows. The queen, whose whole thoughts were occupied about the safety of her son, took the advantage of their quarrel, and though the prince was of such an age as to be no very light burthen, she took him in her arms and escaped from them. Fear gave her strength; she ran so swiftly, that she soon reached a very thick part of the forest, where she imagined she had nothing to dread, except wild beasts. Fatigue now overcame her, and she stopped in order to repose herself; but had no sooner sat down than



she saw a man of so ferocious and menacing an aspect, as made her tremble. She strove to get up, and take her son in her arms to save him again from the approaching danger; but in vain; her lassitude was so great, that she was unable to move. In this extremity, she resolved to try whether the respect due to the blood of kings could make any impression on the man, notwithstanding his unfavorable countenance; therefore, with that majestic air, which was familiar to her, she said, (shewing him the prince) "Oh! save the only child of your king." These few words made such an impression on the mind of the unknown person, that he took the royal infant in his arms, and became the guide of the mother. After walking a long time in the forest, the roads of which he was well acquainted with, he conducted her to the sea-side; where, meeting with a vessel, she embarked with the prince, her son. The ship was scarcely got under sail, before she perceived many of the Duke of York's soldiers coming out of the wood; by which she found, that in escaping from the thieves, she had also avoided falling into the hands of an enemy, much more to be dreaded on her son's account.

This great princess passed over to France, where she hoped to obtain from her family, succours sufficient to replace her husband and herself on the throne. But neither her virtues nor her distresses had their due weight with those to whom she applied. The Duke of York, in the mean time, had the address to manage the restless and inconstant spirit of the English in such a manner, as to remain quiet possessor of the throne. Margaret, by repeated intreaties, at length obtained some troops of the court of France, and embarked with them for England; but her army was defeated, her son killed in the action, her husband was soon after poisoned, and she was confined in the Tower of London; from whence she at last was released, and finished her days in France.

*(To be continued.)*

*To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM*

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SIR,

IN an age like the present, when the scorpion of infidelity not only boldly raises its head in our streets and high places, but dares to spread its destructive venom in the once-happy dwellings of innocence and contentment, the heart of every true Briton, patriot, and Christian, must view with abhorrence the dissemination of principles, which, if not timely checked, will eventually destroy every social tie, and plunge the country in all the horrors of anarchy and confusion. But there are already other evils, of a more intimate and domestic nature, which as they affect us individually, sink deeper in our minds, and loudly call for the preventive hand of justice. It is, indeed, true, that by our excellent code of laws, in almost every case, the sufferer may obtain redress; the murderer and the thief expiate their offences with their forfeit lives, whilst the injured husband is at liberty to hold up the adulteress to the contempt of the world, and, if he chooses, may satisfy his injured honor, by suing the destroyer of his peace for pecuniary remuneration. Yet there is still another class of persons, who though almost equally guilty with any of the former, come not under the reach of the law;—I mean those who employ the advantages lavished on them by nature and education to captivate the affections of young and virtuous females, merely to gratify their own inordinate vanity, or from the caprice of the moment. They can too easily shake off the chains they wear at pleasure, whilst the inexperienced girl whose willing heart has, perhaps, played the traitor to her judgment, pines in secret at the unmerited desertion of one, who, though he took care not to commit himself (such is the phrase) by a direct offer, nevertheless, by his insinuating attentions, gave her every reason to suppose that she was the object of his warmest regard. I am aware, that in reviving the opinion of broken hearts, I may incur the censure of many; and although I am very far from sanctioning the follies of love-sick girls, I have lately had in my own family a fatal experience of the truth of what I assert, that a disappointment of this nature,

by preying on the feelings of a delicate and susceptible mind, will weaken the constitution, and bring on a premature decay. We daily hear of the ravages made amongst the young and beautiful, by that flattering and sure harbinger of death, the pale consumption; but we know not what has been the means of accelerating its rapid progress, for to whom can the victim of sensibility confide the secret of her misplaced affection? Her delicacy shrinks from such an avowal, even to her dearest friends, and if her constitution be unable to hold out against the wound that rankles at her heart, the silent grave speedily closes on the unhappy sufferer, and ends at once her sorrows and her life. That I may be more able to relate the circumstance that has given rise to these reflections, it may be necessary to premise, that the greatest part of my life has been passed in the West Indies, where I amassed a considerable fortune, and for some years was happy in the enjoyment of domestic peace with a wife, whom I tenderly loved, and an only, and inestimable son. A malignant fever, however, swept away these precious objects, and with them I lost every motive to stimulate my exertions; the country became hateful to me, and having an opportunity of disposing of my property, though at a great loss, I hastily closed the bargain; and, after an absence of many years, returned to my native land, but just in time to receive the dying breath of an only brother, and to shed a ray of satisfaction on his last moments, by an assurance of protection to his orphan daughters, and I trust this promise so solemnly given, has been as sacredly performed. In placing my nieces in an excellent and well-conducted seminary, I insisted not so much on exterior accomplishments as on the useful and solid branches of female education, nor were my wishes frustrated in this respect; and on their coming to reside with me, I fondly flattered myself that my widowed heart might again taste the long-withheld cup of happiness, for they were, indeed, all the most anxious parent could desire. Maria, the eldest, of a gentle and timid disposition, possessed an equanimity of temper and spirits seldom equalled, always cheerful, though never gay; when once known, she was for ever beloved, for her friendships were as steady and as unruffled as her mind. Ellen, on the contrary, from childhood, evinced an irritability

of temper, which as she advanced in years, required all her prudence to counteract; guided not unfrequently by the caprice of the moment, she was continually offending, yet did her contrition and frankness in acknowledging her errors easily obliterate the remembrance of them; volatile, but affectionate almost to enthusiasm, the glow of health animated her cheek, whilst her eyes ever sparkled with intelligence and good-humour. Combined with these advantages, their being the acknowledged heiresses of my property, soon procured them many admirers; and Maria early become engaged to a gentleman, whose fortune and connexions were every way desirable. The day of her marriage was already fixed, when one evening on going to my attorney's, in order to complete the necessary arrangements, my intended nephew requested a private interview with me, and, after some little hesitation, and I will do him the justice to add, with much confusion, informed me, that on mature consideration, his friends had prohibited him from fulfilling his engagement, unless I would consent to double the bond I had already given; in case of my refusal, great as was his attachment to Maria, he felt it his indispensable duty to sacrifice his own feelings to the wishes of his relations,—to the shrine of self-interest, he might have said. Stung to the quick by this late avowal of his mercenary views, I loudly reproached him; he haughtily replied; a violent scene of recrimination ensued, which ended in cancelling the deeds already completed; and with feelings of disgust and contempt I took my leave; but as I approached my own house, my anger gave way to grief at the idea of my niece's disappointment. "Had it been Ellen," I thought, "her high spirit would have carried her through this unexpected trial; but my gentle Maria must inevitably sink under it."

Here, however, I was deceived; Maria, it is true, wept, and deeply felt the desertion of her affianced husband, but her sorrow was tempered with mild resignation to the will of Providence, though I could perceive it sunk deeper into her mind than she wished me to suppose. My attention was so much engrossed by this event, that it was some time before I perceived a change in my youngest girl, and when I did so, I attributed it at first to her unbounded sympathy for her sister, till her pale cheeks and sunken



eyes, together with her aversion to society of which she had been the life and ornament, persuaded me that her health was declining. I consulted an eminent physician, who assured me it was a nervous attack, which change of scene would speedily remove. Under this idea, I consented to her accompanying a mutual friend in an excursion, to the sea-shore; but after an absence of two months, great, indeed, was my anguish, in beholding the emaciated form and death-like countenance of my darling niece! Her hectic flush and bright eyes for a time revived the hopes of her affectionate sister, whilst in me it only confirmed the apprehension of a fatal and rapid decline; and so, indeed, it proved. The hand of death has now chilled the warm heart which beat but for the happiness of others, and the stone which marks her last resting-place is all that remains of the once-lovely and admired Ellen. But in the bosoms of her remaining relatives her sweet remembrance will ever live! There is, however, in her untimely death, a pang, which not all the suggestions of piety can easily remove; a few days before she resigned her breath, she communicated to her sister, what, but in the near approach of her last moments, she would never have revealed, that she firmly believed her indisposition arose from distress of mind, occasioned by the coldness of a gentleman, whom she had imagined attached to her, and who was now admitted as suitor in another family. "Had I," she exclaimed, "possessed your prudence, my dear Maria, and endeavored to suppress my dangerous and foolish susceptibility, I might have lived to be a blessing to you all; but as I loved with all the fervor of which my nature is capable, so is my disappointment keen in bitter proportion. May it be a warning to you not to set your affections too deeply on things below—not to love the creature more than the Creator."

I dare no longer dwell on this painful theme, which has opened, with increased virulence, the ill-closed wounds of my youth; let me, however, entreat you, Mr. Editor, to devise some way by which a repetition of instances like these I have mentioned, may be speedily prevented; for I fear, indeed, many a bereaved parent can too well enter into the nature of my present feelings, and can exclaim with me to

the silver-tongued destroyers of domestic peace—"Cruel and deceitful wretches! if you have no regard for her, whose artless mind too willingly gives credence to your insinuating language, at least think of those who have loved and cherished her from her cradle; have compassion on her aged relatives, who live but on her smiles, and *spare them*—spare them the misery of beholding their, perhaps, last-surviving hope wither on the green stalk of disappointment, and sink, notwithstanding all their tender cries, into a premature grave, with all her youth and blooming graces about her." Oh! that I were in this case the only living sufferer! But, alas! my Maria, who could struggle so well against her own hard fate, finds this weight of sorrow more than she can bear; as a last resource, I am about to convey her to the milder climate of the continent, with, however, but faint hopes of her recovery, for the loss of this only and beloved sister has given a dreadful shock to her always-delicate constitution, and grief appears too deeply fixed to give way to the lenient hand of time. How are the expectations of short-sighted man put to nought by the wisdom of the Most High! I had hoped that my eyes would have been closed by the darlings of my heart, and one is already gone before me to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," whilst the other—but no, I will not attempt to describe the slow, though too visible decay that consumes my last treasure. That they who peruse this may never know the emotions which agonize the heart of the writer, is the sincere prayer of

Your's, &c.

VERITAS.

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#### A RUSSIAN COMPLIMENT.

A RUSSIAN gentleman, who has been some time at Paris, seeing so many ladies at the different balls dressed in black, bowed very politely to one of them, and said, it reminded him of being on the banks of the Volga during Spring, when the crows and magpies were all hopping about.

## VALE OF TEESDALE.

The celebration of the beauties of Rokeby and its environs, by Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable poem of that name, we are glad to find has recently led to a more intimate knowledge and visitation by travellers of the romantic country of Teesdale, adjoining Rokeby on the west. Mr. Arthur Young had previously, in his *Agricultural Tour to the North*, given a description of this vale in all the ardour and high coloring of poetic genius, and he concludes his account by declaring, that the scenery and waterfalls are worthy of a journey of a thousand miles to visit. The vale is divided through its entire length by the bold and majestic stream, the Tees, and presents a long continuance of singularly picturesque and sublime, but at the same time most beautiful, scenery, while its diversified banks afford unceasing displays of what may be termed prospective enchantment itself. In the upper part of the vale, amidst the wild grandeur of lofty surrounding mountains, and heaths, rich in treasures of the mineral kingdom, are the magnificent waterfalls of the High Force and Caldron Snout, objects that can never be beheld but with transport and admiration, and which, in beauty of picturesque scenery, and sublimity of character, from the height down which the river is precipitated, stand unrivalled in the kingdom. On the lower banks of the vale, in a fine agricultural country, are Raby and Streatham Castles, and Lartington Hall, each highly distinguished for its peculiar beauties and embellished pleasure grounds. In their centre is situated the improving town of Barnard Castle; the range, the spaciousness, the contour of the streets of which, display the taste and masterly hand of him who erected its lofty castle, once the residence of royal-blood; and the resplendent ruins of which are still a model of a fortress of happily-combined strength, grace, and majesty, not to be equalled by ancient or modern architecture. From the foot of these ruins, a circuit of walks upon the banks of the Tees, has lately been opened through the estate of the Earl of Dar-

lington, by his lordship's liberal permission. Woods, rocks, and waters, present themselves throughout the whole circuit of walks; ever changing in scene, and ever delightful; always sweet and soothing, and never palling; and affording a temperate Montpelier climate, even in the winters of the North; while from numerous seats, are afforded every where the most captivating and contrasted views. These walks have the peculiar charm that they are Nature's gifts in her loose and simple dress, being laid out as it were by her own suggestions, in a style elevated, sublime, and impressive, but at the same time, unstudied and unobtrusive. In the midst of these walks is situated a peculiarly grateful sulphureous spa, the valuable medicinal properties of which have always been known in its vicinity, though, till lately, it has only been occasionally fluent; but it is now traced to its copious subterraneous current, and has recently made a number of cures sufficient to place its virtues upon a footing with any other hydrogen water. The erection of proper baths, and adjoining rooms, is still a desideratum; but it is to be hoped, that the attraction of the superior beauties of the vicinity, and an extended celebrity of the waters, will soon afford inducements for the accomplishment of so desirable an object. Thus the north of England is highly indebted to Sir Walter Scott, for attracting through the charms of his poetry, the attention of the whole kingdom to a district of such characteristic beauty. An accession of the most important kind is given to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the North itself, with its other numerous and interesting prospects and objects of attention, is rendered in the highest degree worthy of a summer's tour of pleasure, if we consider travelling to be the pleasurable devotion of human leisure for enjoying the various charms and attractions of nature and taste, where they are to be found in the highest and most diversified perfection.



## REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

DE RENZEY; or, THE MAN OF SORROW. Written by himself, and Edited by his Nephew. Simpkin and Marshal. 3 vols. 12mo.

THIS novel is remarkably well-written, and contains many striking passages. The hero experiences every misery and affliction that can be poured out by misfortune on its victim. The scene is laid in Ireland, at that dreadful time, when rebellion convulsed the country. The tale is one of melancholy interest; and the events succeed each other with a well-timed rapidity, which prevents tediousness. The occasional reflections shew the author to have a cultivated mind and sound moral feeling. We shall quote a passage merely to shew the style of the work, although we confess, it will convey but a faint idea of its general, and, indeed, superior merit to many modern novels. De Renzey, being at that time in the army, had the misfortune to kill in a duel a brother officer, by whom he had been challenged. While in prison, in expectation of his trial, he was visited by his colonel, who gave him the following admonition against the prevalent custom of duelling.

“Young man, by the laws of your country, you have forfeited your life; by the laws of our service, you have forfeited your commission; and by the laws of morality, you have forfeited your honor; but I would not too harshly judge you. I admit the provocation was truly great, and such as might amongst mankind in general excuse the step you have taken; yet do not from this infer that any thing can exculpate the man who bids defiance to his country's laws, and takes upon himself to be the umpire of his wrongs. Review dispassionately the only object of a duel—*revenge*; and even could we sanction such a claim, the attainment rests upon a doubtful chance. The young and inconsiderate man of fashion will tell you much of honor; but in thus asserting it, he undermines the very base on which he seeks to raise his towering column. I see, my friend,” continued he, taking me by the hand, “that you feel the impropriety

of your conduct; I see you are truly sensible of the error, which a mistaken notion of manly courage has led you into. It is with satisfaction I have observed that you have hitherto resisted all those inducements to wanton pleasures, and all the examples of fashionable excesses, with which the military life so plentifully abounds. Your present fault would more command my pity than my censure. There are abuses existing in society, over which the law holds no control; there are pregnant wounds too often inflicted on mankind, and inflicted with impunity, because the bounds of justice reach them not. To curb those lawful ruffians, who would destroy the peace and interrupt the harmony of society, man has been led to assert himself the justice of his own cause; and did he reserve his powers only to chastise the real injuries that he might sustain, there would be solid benefits arising from an evil source; but when we see from air-built trifles the life of man assailed, when we see unthinking coxcombs sporting with the sacred gem of honor, and enrolling themselves in the calendar of fashion, by the very means which ought to sink them into eternal infamy, we scarcely know where to draw the line of discrimination. This more particularly applicable to the profession of arms. The first thing impressed on the mind of the young officer, is the necessity of maintaining his honor, and that he alone can be the arbitrator of his own cause. Big with the important trust, his vigil fancy is ever on the watch lest he might unthinkingly permit some whispering breath to tarnish his new-raised reputation. Thus every word or action of your life, may be caught at by some untutored youth, who scarcely knows where reason or where honor lies. These are the evils against which the law provides, and let my friend reflect how incumbent it is on him, who would enjoy the blessings of society, to view such beneficial laws with that deference and awe which can alone uphold them in the public estimation."

**THE THIRD TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.** A poem, 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1821. Ackerman.

A gentleman who has subscribed so large a share to the amusement of the public, as the author of *Dr. Syntax*, though, of course, entitled to retire at his own time, cannot

do so without exciting considerable regret; but this is his fiat; and as a proof that he means not to retract it, he has consigned the worthy hero of his entertaining Muse to the silent tomb. This third tour is written in the same style as the preceding ones; the incidents are natural, and present themselves before us at once, even were they not aided by Rowlandson's excellent designs to illustrate the subjects. Dr. Syntax in search of a wife, encounters a variety of adventures; after experiencing several disappointments in his *wooing*, he is at length so fortunate as to meet with a compliant fair one; and again enters the nuptial state. The new-married pair retired to the vicarage; their happiness, though perfect, was but short-lived. They had passed two summers together, when during a fishing excursion on the lakes, his beloved wife fell into the water, and Syntax rushed

" Into the wave,  
The darling of his life to save,  
When Patrick followed, nothing loth,  
And flound'ring, nearly drown'd them both;  
But they were near the grassy shore,  
And all the danger soon was o'er."

Fatal, however, were the consequences to the Doctor, who the next morning became seriously indisposed; he was conveyed to bed, where medical aid proved vain.

" When the good man had breath'd his last,  
Poor Mrs. Syntax stood aghast!  
Then clos'd her pale cheek to his face,  
And clasp'd him in a long embrace;  
Nor did she on the horror wait,  
To contemplate the work of fate;  
But to the hall in hurry hied,  
With little Johnny by her side:  
She told her state, pale as despair,  
And filled the house with sorrow there.  
Thus Syntax clos'd his life's career,  
With much to hope, and nought to fear."

The funeral obsequies of the worthy Doctor conclude this pleasing volume and the author's labors. "Alas! poor Syntax!"

" O! 'twas a melancholy scene,  
When he was borne along the green;

What trains of mourners did appear!  
 And scarce an eye without a tear.  
 No toil the harvest fields display,  
 It seem'd grief's mournful holiday!  
 'The tomb, by side-way path appear'd,  
 By Worthy's sadden'd friendship rear'd;  
 Near it the dark o'erspreading yew,  
 Sheds tears of morn and evening dew;  
 And as the sculpture meets the eye,  
 'Alas! poor Syntax!' with a sigh,  
 Is read by every passer by,  
 And wakes the pensive thought sincere,  
 For ever sad, for ever dear.  
 My verse has now no more to tell,  
 The story's done—Syntax, farewell!"

**TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, ANCIENT  
 BABYLONIA, &c. &c. during the years 1817, 1818, 1819,  
 and 1820. By SIR ROBERT KER PORTER. With numerous  
 engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c. in two  
 volumes. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 795. London, 1821.**

Few individuals combine so many qualifications as Sir  
 R. K. Porter for a traveller. He is an accomplished gen-  
 tleman, a superior artist, an elegant classic scholar, an acute  
 observer, and a very pleasing, intelligent writer. The coun-  
 tries he has travelled present rich and abundant subjects  
 for his pen, and he has, with great taste and discrimination,  
 produced one of the most valuable, as well as one of the  
 most interesting works of the day.

He commenced his journey on the 6th of August, 1817,  
 from St. Petersburg to Odessa, on the Black Sea; and he  
 kept a regular diary journal during the three years he was  
 travelling in the east, and wrote his remarks from the im-  
 pression of the moment, afterwards comparing his own ob-  
 servations with those of his predecessors. He then collected  
 ample materials for two volumes, the first of which has been  
 recently published. It would far exceed our limits to give  
 an itinerary of this enlightened tourist's route, but we can-  
 not resist the temptation of selecting a few of its passages.

"Odessa, one of the most flourishing cities of the  
 Russian Empire, contains upwards of thirty thousand inha-  
 bitants. Several ancient churches ornament the city; but



none of its buildings equal the theatre in beauty. This edifice stands in a fine situation, on a sort of square, overlooking the sea, and presenting a portico, which at a distance, reminds the spectator of the Temple of Minerva, at Athens.

“ Personal labor at Odessa, and its dependencies, are excessively high, consequently provisions are dear, and to lessen the expense of labor, every expedient is adopted to effect its purpose with the fewest hands. One attempt is to divide the corn from the ear without a flail or threshing machine. Several four-wheeled carts are filled with stones, and each drawn by two horses; they are then driven in a regular circle over the sheaves as they lie on the ground, carefully disposed in rows. Some of the proprietors perform a similar operation by the trampling of horses or oxen without carts. This used to be the practice in the east, and it was a part of the Mosaic law, not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.

During Sir Robert's short stay at Koblinka, he witnessed a grass-fire, a calamity almost peculiar to the farmers of the Ulkarine, and which often spreads a temporary devastation over vast tracts of this country. This terrible accident generally happens from the carelessness of the bullock-drivers, or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandize, who halt for the night on the open plain, and on departing in the morning, neglect to extinguish their fires. Wind, or some other casualty, brings the hot embers in contact with the high and dry grass of the Steppe; it burst into flame, and burns on, devouring as it goes, with a fire almost unquenchable. That which I now beheld, arose from negligence of this kind, and soon extended itself over a space of forty wersts, continuing its ravages for many days, consuming all the outstanding corn, ricks, hovels; in short, every thing in its devastating path; the tract it left was dreadful.

*(To be continued.)*

In the course of July will be published, HARLEY RADINGTON, a tale, by Miss D. P. Campbell, of Lerwick, Zetland Isle, a lady well-known to the readers of this magazine, under the signature of Ora.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

FOR JUNE, 1821.

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**DERBY.**—We have the pain of recording a most melancholy incident that occurred at Winster in this county. Mr. Cuddie, a native of Scotland, and formerly a surgeon in the Royal navy, settled as an apothecary and surgeon in that town about three years since. In the course of his profession he attended on Miss Brittlebank, the daughter of an eminent solicitor, who had very delicate health; an attachment was formed between the parties, which met with the most decided and declared disapprobation of every member of the lady's family. On the morning of the 21st of May, Mr. William Brittlebank met his sister and Mr. Cuddie walking in the fields, and a very warm altercation ensued; the young lady being forced home by her brother, the lover refusing to resign his pretensions to her while favored with her assent. In the afternoon, Mr. William Brittlebank, accompanied by his two brothers and Mr. Spencer, a mutual friend of the parties, repaired to Mr. Cuddie's, and demanded satisfaction according to the modern laws of honor, or an apology; two notes having been previously sent to Mr. C. to the same effect, and both alternatives were refused. A duel now took place in the garden of the latter gentleman, which was fatal to him; he lingered next day till noon, and then expired. The Coroner returned a verdict of wilful murder against Wm. Brittlebank, as principal, and his two brothers and Edmund Spencer, surgeon, as abettors in the fact. Mr. Wm. Brittlebank fled, and a reward of an hundred guineas is offered for his apprehension: the others are in custody. We understood that Mr. Brittlebank, senior, offered five thousand pounds as bail for his son, which being refused, the young man secretly left Winster.

Mr. Cuddie was much respected at Winster for his mild and amiable deportment; a subscription is set on foot amongst the higher classes, to defray the expences of a monument to record their sense of his merits and regret for his melancholy fate. The feelings of the unfortunate Miss B. on this double calamity, cannot be described with justice.

An interesting cause has recently been determined in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, before Mr. Justice Barton.—Richard Davies, a young man of good family, on some misunderstanding with his relations, left them, and came to England, where he enlisted as a private soldier; and while in that humble state, married a poor, but decent and virtuous young woman, by whom he had one child, a daughter, christened Theresa. He soon after went with his regiment to the continent, and was one of the heroes who fell at the battle of Waterloo. Some deaths having taken place in the family, the little orphan became heiress of two thousand a-year; her claim was opposed by two gentlemen, as the husbands of her deceased father's sisters, on the pretext that Theresa was an illegitimate child; but so indisputable were the proofs adduced of Richard Davies's marriage and the child's legitimate birth, that the learned judge stopped the cause, and placed the young lady in possession of her rights.

It is with feelings of the keenest regret that we announce the premature death of Miss Emily Strutton, a lovely and amiable child, in her eleventh year. Lady Emily Strutton, sister to the Bishop of Clogher, is a female possessed of very susceptible feelings; on the recent demise of her husband, Colonel Strutton, she quitted their seat, Lisvany, unable to remain in a place where every object only tended to remind her of her loss, and she removed to the house of her daughter (now her only surviving child) the Lady of Colonel Brotherton, at Portobello, near Dublin, taking with her Miss Strutton: as that darling of her widowed heart was amusing herself with a draw-well in the garden, she suddenly fell in; Lady Emily, who had been observing her from a window, rushed from the house, and precipitated herself after her child; they were both extricated as soon as possible, and the unfortunate lady was restored to a sorrowful existence, but her Emily was no more.

Dreadful accident at Shrewsbury.—At a very early hour on Tuesday morning, the 5th instant, a part of the southern gable-wall of the Theatre gave way, and falling on the roof of an adjoining house, forced a part of it, together with three floors and all that intervened, down to the kitchen floor. A poor laboring man, named Edward Davies, his wife, two children, one seven years old, the other an infant at the breast

slept together in a bed in the garret, immediately under the dislocated mass which forced them down to the very bottom, with the tremendous heap of fallen materials. The man, his wife, and little son, were killed, but the infant was miraculously saved; the house contained a number of other poor inhabitants, who escaped, as their beds were providentially placed in another direction. The Theatre is the only remains of a very extensive embattled edifice, formerly belonging to the Charltons, Lords of Powis, from whom it passed to the Tankerville family, and from thence to the Warings. It is built with red stone.

Banks of the Danube, May 23d. The Pacha of Morea has complained to the British administration in severe terms, that the Insurgents are supplied from the Ionian islands with arms and ammunition; he therefore threatens to enforce very vigorous measures against the British trade, and to sequester all the property of British subjects, if such practices are continued. He has sent a report on this subject to Constantinople. In consequence of this declaration, an express prohibition has been circulated throughout the Ionian islands, to all the residents and natives, not to take any part, directly or indirectly, in the insurrection against the Porte, under very severe penalties.

The insurrection is now said to wear a formidable appearance, and that the Greeks have obtained some important advantages over their Mahometan task-masters. The Janissaries have refused to march; they pretend that, by their laws, they must remain at Constantinople, to defend that capital till the Sultan can put himself at their head, and lead them to battle; an additional misfortune is, that the Ramadan commences this year on the 31st of May, and ends on the 29th of June, and it must be strictly observed under pain of death; and it is not until the 15th of the moon called Scheval, (15th of July,) that civil or military operations are permitted to recommence in the Ottoman empire.

Missionary. Mr. Campbell, the missionary, whose former travels into South Africa are before the public, has lately returned, after another journey equally interesting. He penetrated 800 miles from Cape Town, a more considerable distance than any former traveller, whose good fortune has been to return; and far beyond Latakoo. He has discovered several



new and large towns; the population of some of those amount to 10 or 12,000 persons. The inhabitants were friendly and gentle in their manners; possessing great skill in the manufacture of pottery, not entirely ignorant of that of iron, and other useful arts, and are so intelligent as to appreciate the value, and wish for the introduction of better informed artizans; they likewise expressed a fervent desire to have missionaries sent to them; a wish, that, no doubt, will meet compliance by the directors of the Society.

Mr. West's New Gallery.—The sons of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, have erected a gallery for the exhibition of his paintings, which may be considered as one of the most splendid ornaments of the Metropolis that was ever furnished by the labours of a single individual. The gallery is one of the most extensive apartments in England, measuring 76 feet in length and 45 in breadth, and elevated in proportion. It contains nearly 100 pictures, chiefly of large dimensions and sacred subjects,—Moses receiving the Tables, Christ rejected, and Death on the Pale Horse, call forth the largest share of admiration. The whole presents a *coup d'œil* of splendour and magnificence that stands unrivalled by its grandeur.

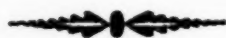
The sale of the late Sir Joshua Reynold's pictures (many in an unfinished state) sketch-books, manuscripts, &c. fetched a net sum far exceeding the most sanguine calculation of the best judges, though some of the pictures were sold for less than they were valued at. A rough sketch-book of the artist's, with notes during his tour in Italy, which from its age and services did not make a very splendid appearance, excited a spirited bidding, and was purchased by Mr. Herschell for one hundred guineas.

Active and extensive preparations are making for the coronation of His Majesty, a proclamation of which took place in Westminster and the City, with great solemnity, on the 14th of June. The Lord Mayor afterwards entertained Rouge-Croix, and the other principal persons concerned, with an elegant dinner. It was proclaimed for the 19th of July, but it is expected it will be deferred till August.

The Discovery ships, accompanied by the Nautilus transport, were all well off the Kinnaird-head, on the east coast of Scotland, on the 16th inst. They have encountered some

heavy gales; but the Griper and Hecla, notwithstanding their crowded state, and being bound and hampered with the requisite strengthenings against the ice, have steered and sailed well. Having taking their pilots on board for the Shetland islands, they were proceeding in high health and spirits on their arduous undertaking.

A plant of the Arbur Iristis has recently been brought to England from the coast of Malabar. This curious exotic has only leaves on it in the day-time, but about nine in the evening, it is covered all over with flowers of a delicate white, which yield an exquisite perfume, and disappear at dawn.



## THE DRAMA.

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### THE KING'S THEATRE.

Signor and Signora De Begni, considerably relieved from that embarrassment and agitation which ever accompanies sterling merit, when it has for the first time to solicit the favor and patronage of a foreign audience, appear to great advantage in the characters of Gironio and Florilla, in the very celebrated opera of *Il Turco in Italia*. The Signor manages his voice with much skill; it is clear, mellow, and flexible, though not very powerful. His acting resembles, in our opinion, the late Mr. Naldi's, of this theatre, and we cannot confer a greater compliment than by a favorable comparison with him. The Signora has shewn much judgment in the choice of Florilla in her *début*; her musical taste is apparent, and, joined to her vivacity and archness, will fix her in the public esteem. Her countenance is interesting, and her *en-bon-point* does not in the least detract from her easy gracefulness.

Signor Curioni improves on acquaintance; we trust soon to have the pleasure of seeing him in characters more suited to his powers, which are far above mediocrity. A *pas de trois*, by Mademoiselle Fanny Bias, M. Noblet, and M. Albert, exhibited such a combination of excellence in their art,

that the spectators, o'erstepping the usual bounds of punctilio in this resort of fashion, applauded with a warmth never before witnessed at the King's theatre. The dresses, scenes, and decorations, are highly creditable to the new managers.

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### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

DIRCE; or, The Fatal Urn, has been introduced since our last critique at this house, and was first performed for Miss Wilson's benefit. The story is classic, but the opera is taken from Metastasio's opera of Demofonte. The wrath of Apollo has demanded an annual sacrifice from the Thracians of a virgin, the innocent victim to be chosen by lot; but this year it falls on Dirce (Miss Wilson) who is secretly married to the king's son, Timanthus; to save her, he reveals the nuptials, but is involved in a new perplexity: it is death to marry one of royal blood, and Dirce is a criminal; but at the intercession of her husband's younger brother, her life is spared. It is subsequently discovered, that Dirce is the king's daughter; but to save Timanthus from horror and distraction, it is at the same time revealed that he is the son of Cleanthes, the supposed father of Dirce, an exchange having taken place in their infancy, under some peculiar circumstances. This event fulfils an oracular prediction; Apollo is appeased, and the Thracians exempted from the continuance of this dreadful sacrifice. The opera is got up with taste and spirit; the selections of music are chiefly from Mozart; there are some from other distinguished composers, but very little original; for these we are indebted to Braham and Horne, by whom the whole was arranged. It was favorably received, and continues to bring good, but not overflowing houses. The simple fact, that recitative is neither adapted to the English stage, nor its language, and more than half a century having elapsed without a successful follower of Arne's Artaxerxes, renders the ultimate success of a serious opera very doubtful.

An entertainment of a novel species took place at this theatre on the 18th, in commemoration of the victory of Waterloo. It was on a very splendid scale, commencing with a concert, supported by the whole operatic force of

the house, followed by a masquerade, &c. His Majesty, accompanied by his royal brothers of York and Clarence, honored the festival with his presence; and the whole party expressed their admiration of a transparency that displayed the portraits of the most distinguished heroes of Waterloo. We observed his Grace the Duke of Wellington amongst other illustrious visitors.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW tragedy, *Damon and Pythias*, has made its appearance on the boards of this theatre, and was well received by a crowded audience, and successfully repeated. It is founded on the well-known story of those celebrated friends; but the original materials being too simple for the ground-work of a drama, the author has had recourse to his own invention to supply the deficiency as to incidents and characters; and his efforts do him credit. The principal defect in this tragedy is, that the interviews between *Pythias* and his wife, and *Damon* and his spouse, too nearly resemble each other; their situations being the same, their sentiments cannot materially differ, and this detracts much from the general interest. Each wife implores her husband to save himself, and finds all her arguments ineffectual. Yet we allow the whole play much merit; the language is good, and the scenes are judiciously arranged.

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#### SURREY THEATRE.

June 7th. The receipts of this house were appropriated on that night to the funds of the Masonic Society by the liberality of Mr. Dibdin, who is a worthy brother, and a new piece, purposely written, was performed. It is in the burletta style, entitled, *The Secrets of Masonry*; and its successful reception has caused it to be frequently repeated. The nightly crowded state of this theatre affords the best proof of the ability with which the manager caters for his friends, and the merits of his performers. Several varieties are announced to be in preparation.







*Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for July 1821.*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint 12. Edmond Street. Portman Square.*

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THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JULY, 1821.

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WALKING-DRESS.

ROUND high dress of fine cambric, with falling collar; with two broad flounces of muslin, richly embroidered round the border. Bonnet of white puckered crape, or clear muslin, over pink, ornamented at the edge with lace, and crowned by a half wreath of full-blown roses. Triple ruff, of Urling's patent lace. Scarf-shawl, of pink silk; parasol of bright emerald green. Black satin Bourdeaux slippers, and yellow kid gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

DRESS of white crape, or *tulle*, over a slip of *gros de Naples*: the dress is finished at the border with blue satin ornaments, and foliage of the same color. Short sleeves, finished in the antique *rosaces* style, and terminating next the elbow by a quilling of blond: the body made partially high in the neck, and finished by a broad blond frill, of a very rich pattern. The hair arranged in the ancient Roman style, with a splendid ornamental gold-comb, set with pearls, and the head-dress finished by two drooping white ostrich feathers. Cornelian ear-pendants, and white kid long-gloves.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*, No. 12, Edmond-street, Portman-square.

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GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

If surely any dependance can be placed on the regulations of this changeful deity, it must be in this month; for the Summer-fashions, we may now venture to pronounce, are in a great measure, fixed, though always subject to slight alterations.

Sarsnet spencers for the promenade are very prevalent, either twilled, figured, or plain: they are of unobtruding co-

lors, such as the pale slate, the violet, and the fawn color. They are made with the new *mancherons*, consisting of two rows of separate straps, set on in open puffings; and the sleeve is finished at the wrist with cornice ornaments of the doric rose, and with a *rosace* terminating the belt behind. Scarf shawls, of silk, over high dresses, are much in request.

We are truly happy to see the small, tasteful, and becoming beaver hat growing into favor; as also the fine Dunstable bonnet, in the Lavinia style, smaller than those worn last month: a wreath of roses half open with their small buds, is the favorite ornament round the crown. Open-work bonnets of straw seem likely to become general, and are extremely becoming. Veils are much worn with bonnets, and are generally thrown back, a fashion we seem to have taken from France. Granite ribands of Egyptian-sand color, are much used in tying on of straw-hats, as is the Phoebus-hair-colored riband, a beautiful sunny gold color.

High-dresses finished down the bust with braidings and rosettes of fine cotton, are much worn both as morning and half-dresses; they are made of fine cambric, or jaconet muslin: white has, however, of late years, been declining from being universal; slight washing silks, of light colors, are more in favor for half-dress. They are simply trimmed with full *rouleaux* of satin to answer the color of the checquers. Tabbinets are worn by married ladies for dinner-parties, when the weather is not too warm, but are generally relieved by white satin bodies; and short sleeves were never more general for evening costume. Muslin dresses, over pink slips, are much admired for young people; the *corsages* richly finished with lace, and a lace tucker with a very open edge, through which is drawn a pink riband. For ball-dresses, bodies of colored figured sarsnet are very prevalent; the short sleeves are of stiffened muslin under fine net, ornamented with blond, satin riband, and fan ornaments; these are deservedly admired when worn with a crape, or net, frock over a skirt the same color as the body. Muslins for half-dress, of a new kind, must not be forgotten; they are embroidered in small embossed figures, surrounded with colored crewels, and are ornamented with full trimmings edged with correspondent colors.



The favorite head-dress at the opera, is a beautifully fancied hat, like that worn by the Queen and her ladies of the Court of Louis XII. or about that era; or a toque-turban of fine net, finished with *languettes*, edged with white satin. Three drooping feathers, generally colored ones, hang over the left side; but we are sorry to see a negligence of dress prevailing at this elegant theatre. At the close of Drury-lane, that play-house exhibited a number of elegant females, habited in the style of genteel evening-dress, as they ought to be. Colored and white satin caps, with Highland caps, some ornamented with tiaras of pearls, bugles, or polished steel, and every small Parisian cap elegantly ornamented with feathers or flowers; while the younger part in the dress-circles, had their own hair elegantly arranged in its native luxuriance, or adorned with flowers tastefully disposed, and mingled among their tresses. We know that ladies are not very nice in the kind of gown they put on for the theatre, and we are assured that some had dresses of rather an old make; for the eye was offended by backs extremely bare, which is, we are happy to say, not modern; the new dresses were partially high, with the Henrietta-Maria puff, of fine leno with open edging. A small bunch of rose-buds placed just above the right ear forms a favorite head-dress for young persons.

The favorite jewellery, for brooches, consists of one large topaz, emerald, or amethyst. Ornaments of pearls seem confined to the more matronly, and colored fancy beads are much worn by young persons. The favorite colors are—pink, lilac, blue, and emerald-green.

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#### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THE promenades in and about Paris, whether public or retired, are now generally filled with all the beauty and fashion remaining in that gay metropolis; among whom a pink satin, or mock velvet spencer seems in high favor, trimmed down the bust *en languettes*. The *mancherons* are very beautiful, consisting of full, stiffened, separate straps, over which is crossed a trimming, *à la bouffant*, of satin: the collar and the belt have ornaments to correspond.

Carriage-bonnets are of transparent gauze, with a hand-

kerchief pinned tastefully about the crown, with flowers appearing through the folds, forming a half-lozenge. Several fashionists wear bonnets of white chip, with the crowns very low; they are generally ornamented with a wreath of full-blown roses, of the various colors of the rainbow, mixed with the evening primrose and gauze ribands. Large straw bonnets, with white veils, thrown back, are still in favor for the morning-walk.

Short sleeves are again becoming universal, and the sashes are more like scarfs than like girdles to confine the waist. Muslin dresses are trimmed with three flounces, richly embroidered, and between each flounce broad lace is let in; the muslin dress is generally worn over pink taffety, and the sleeves are beautifully embroidered lengthwise, to correspond with the work on the flounces, with double lace ruffles at the wrists. The bodies of these dresses are made with a kind of double front; the bust partially concealed by a kind of *bouffant chemisette*, from whence the front turns back on each side, with two full frills of fine broad lace: a sash of pink and white chequered riband, finishes this elegant summer-dress. White dresses are become very general in Paris; they are trimmed in such a variety of ways, that taste and fancy seem almost exhausted in their decoration.

Ball-dresses are trimmed with bunches of roses tied up together with chequered ribands in the form of the ancient fasces, or rods, which were carried before the Roman consuls.

The head-dresses consist, for young persons, of wreaths of flowers; to which are added, for evening full-dress, a plume of colored feathers; the hair is also ornamented with combs set with beads of polished steel, diamond cut. The combs are often worn in the public walks, under hats, which are placed so backward, that the comb is discovered.

The jewellery consists of beautiful cameos, *à l'antique*, in *basso relievo* on pale cornelian.

Silk stockings are worn with colored clocks; as are some cotton of a fine texture.

In carriages, and at home, shoes of slight silk, with very thin soles, are much in favor.

The prevailing colors are mostly of a mixed, or shot kind. Rose and straw-color, with the single colors of lilac and grass-green.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



LINES,  
TO A LOMBARD-STREET LADY.

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By T. B. G.

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'THE cherry-lip, the tell-tale eye,  
The rising breast of beauteous white,  
The dimpled cheek of rosy dye,  
The step that speaks the bosom light,  
These may a wanton lover please;  
But Sylvia—thou hast none of these!

The tendril curls, that parting wave  
Around a forehead pure as snow,  
The heavenly mien, that blythe or grave,  
Will banish gloom, or solace woe,  
These may a youthful lover please;  
But Sylvia—thou hast none of these!

The graceful form, the silver voice,  
The strong, the pure, the polish'd mind,  
The smile that makes his heart rejoice,  
Who finds the glorious maiden kind,  
Such charms may youths enraptur'd please;  
But, Sylvia,—thou hast none of these!

The heart and ready hand to give  
Relief, if want or woe be near,  
The breast where gentle inmates live,  
Love, peace, and joy, and faith sincere,  
These may a youth romantic please;  
But, Sylvia,—thou hast none of these!

Does youth attract? has virtue charms?  
Has beauty grace? Ah! Sylvia, see  
How many to their eager arms,  
Who pass by these, are wooing thee!  
Such charms may youths romantic please;  
But, Sylvia,—thou hast none of these!;

Ah! what is youth? and void of art,  
What is a cheek of rosy dye?  
And what a true and tender heart?  
A polish'd mind? a tell-tale eye?  
Ah! what are love and faith sincere  
To folly, pride—and pounds a-year?

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### TO MY CHILD.

God bless thee, child! thy fairy form  
Is sinking now to rest;  
With pure and peaceful visions may  
Thy infant sleep be blest.

No grief nor trouble in this world,  
Thy spirit yet hath known,  
But, ah! too soon thy gentle heart  
Will sorrow there alone.

Oh! that I could be ever near,  
To guide and shelter thee;  
Through all the stormy paths of life,  
How true my love would be!

'Twill not be thus—a few year's hence,  
Thou may'st be far away,  
Mingling in strife—thy mother left  
To watch, and weep, and pray.

Oh! ne'er may blighted love be thine,  
Nor thine the tear of woe;  
But many a rose be blooming in  
Thy pathway here below.

CATHARINE.



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WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE THREE MISSES R.

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BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

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WHEN mortal beauty glowing stands,  
Waiting that touch from heavenly hands,  
Which gives each lineament divine,  
With all the radiant soul to shine,  
Say, as the Graces pleased behold  
The beauteous object's finish'd mould,  
What charm doth each blest maid impart,  
To seize the eye, and win the heart?  
This gives the *smile*, and that the *tear*,  
And you, the *blush* of modest fear.  
Matchless such charms! O who shall say  
Which most the subject heart can sway?  
See, how on Charlotte's graceful cheek,  
Bright blushes like swift meteor's break,  
And with their rosier light illumine  
Each latent beauty's softer bloom!  
That blushing fear, with pleading sweet,  
Seem for protection to intreat,  
While tender love and fond delight  
Spring in each bosom at the sight.  
The brightest eye more bright appears,  
Thro' lucid cloud of Pity's tears;  
And oft such sacred vapours rise  
O'er dear Georgiana's pensive eyes!  
If mournful mists another's dim,  
Her pitying orbs in moisture swim;  
E'en at the breath of short adieu,  
Sweet rainbow drops her cheeks bedew,  
Bidding the heart exulting prove,  
That grateful kindness owns its love.  
Oh! never from a deeper source  
May tears so graceful take their course;  
May nought but sympathy, or joy,  
E'er shade with dewy veil her eye!  
Is there a soul so crush'd with woe,  
A sense so dead to pleasure's glow,  
A mood so splenetic, or dull,  
A brain with such "blue-demon's" full,

That would not leave its ills awhile,  
 In sunshine of sweet Harriet's smile?  
 The smile of innocence and youth,  
 Of warm benevolence and truth,  
 Of freshest hope, and fearless trust,  
 (Which knows not yet a world unjust.)  
 That smile which bears the stamp of Heav'n,  
 With all its gloss thus newly given,  
 That smile which speaks such bosom peace,  
 As makes the cares of others cease;  
 O such a magic in it dwells,  
 So sweet its charm, so wide its spells,  
 That never may it yield its place  
 To graver charm in Harriet's face,  
 Nor merely on her *lip* disport,  
 But in her *bosom* hold its court!  
 Now might a selfish wish succeed,  
 My Muse would ask this soothing meed,  
 (Reward too rich for pleasing toil!)  
 From Harriet's lip a sunny smile;  
 A dewy glance from Georgy's eye,  
 Which teems with sensibility;  
 On Charlotte's cheek a brighter red,  
 By kind approval warmly spread;  
 And in each heart a little cell,  
 Where I may long and safely dwell.

1812.

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 STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTON. ATTRIBUTED TO — SOTHABY, ESQ.

FAIR spring-tide of my day!  
 As round these haunts a glance I cast,  
 Where phantom Pleasure past,  
 Ere yet the blossom of thy May  
 Blends with the wan leaves on life's autumnal way.

A vision of departed years,  
 The image of my youth appears!  
 So from a dreamless bed,  
 By love of nature led,  
 When twilight from the wave her mists withdrew,  
 My wing'd foot to yon breezy heights up flew;

And when from her moist lid Anrora's tears.  
Hung heavy on the brent,  
With pearly drops besprent,  
The unshorn grass my wandering traces knew,  
Ere the loud summons of the hunter's horn,  
Rebuking the slow sun, rang at the gates of morn.

But not, O youth, the breeze that freely flowing,  
Tangles the mazes of thy auburn hair,  
Not on thy cheek the rose of health bright blowing,  
That drinks the freshness of the morning air,  
Nor the keen flashes from thy orb of sight,  
That from the sunshine dew imbibes its diamond light ;

It is not these that plume thy wing,  
And give thy foot its feathering:  
Thine elasticity of mind,  
That leaves the load of earth behind,  
Thine the unfettered soul within,  
Thine innocence that thinks no sin,  
Thine fancy, whose keen glance unsated,  
Beams on new worlds herself created,  
Or sees this world, as first design'd,  
The image of its Maker's mind,  
And like the sun that pours alone  
The beauteous light it looks upon,  
Embellishes whate'er it views,  
And its own charm in all pursues.

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### MUSIC.

On! tell me, tell me, what can soothe  
The mourner's heart who weeps in vain?  
Oh! tell me, what can grief remove,  
And ease the sighing lover's pain?

Oh! what can o'er his senses throw  
That soft, that tender, unknown feeling,  
And bid his breast with rapture glow,  
Whilst o'er him bliss is gently stealing?

'Tis music! ah! that lovely pow'r,  
That charm that lessens every woe,  
Can soothe us in the painful hour,  
And make us feel but half the blow.

'Tis a bright charm the passions wreathing,  
Lulling to a peaceful rest,  
Around in heavenly whispers breathing,  
Comfort to the wounded breast.

Its tones on downy pinions wafted,  
Harmonious swell, and float in air,  
Till in the soul's recesses grafted,  
They fix their throne for ever there.

*March 7th, 1821.*

ALEXA.

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VERSES,

OH! can you have so soon forgot,  
What happy days were our's,  
When friendship warm'd our youthful hearts,  
And strew'd our path with flow'rs.

Say have you all so soon forgot  
The time we spent together,  
When eye met eye, with smile or sigh,  
Like beams in April weather.

No, no, so deep, this cannot be,  
Upon my mind imprest,  
Nor leave one ling'ring thought of me  
Implanted on your breast.

GENEVIEVE.

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EXTRACT FROM "ISMAEL," &c.

BY E. G. LYTTON BULWER.

LOVES not thy soul, when sated with the crowd,  
And all the trifles of the great and proud,  
LOVES not thy soul its wearied pow'rs to bless  
With the rich charm of pensive loneliness?  
To turn thine eye in memory's fond survey,  
To scenes and pleasures faded long away,  
Till they fall on thee, like Spring's grateful rain,  
And, in idea, thou liv'st them o'er again?



Or if bright Hope extends her magic wand  
To the dark future's cloud-encircled land,  
Dost thou not feel a secret wish to view  
Th' entangled vale thou hast to wander through?  
While Fancy loves to deck the scene with flow'rs,  
Gather'd from Glory's fields, or Pleasure's roseate bow'rs!  
Until, perchance, some peasant's laughter's roll,  
Breaks the wild spell that holds thy melting soul?

Yes! thou hast felt it at that grateful hour,  
When eve excites the Muse's heav'nly pow'r,  
When all is calm! when nothing rude is near,  
To bound the pensive eye, or wound the ear,  
When Zephyr waken'd by paternal Spring,  
Ripples his waters with his roseate wing,  
And, like a lover, woos them with a sigh,  
Sweet, but soon over, as he wanders by!\*

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#### A TRANSLATION OF ODE 24, BOOK I. OF HORACE.

WHY set to sorrow bounds? or check the tear?  
Or modestly bewail a friend so dear?  
Oh! lov'd Melpomene! whose liquid strains,  
With native beauty flow from godlike veins,  
Attune the harp in pensive melody,  
And twine death's chaplets mournfully.

Has then the cold and stealing sleep of death,  
For ever closed the eye, and caught the breath,  
Of him, whose blameless virtue and firm truth,  
(Sister of Justice), and untainted worth,  
Render his equal hard, indeed, to find,  
Spotless in faith, exalted in his mind.

Affectionate, alas! why, Maro, seek  
Quinctilius from the Gods, and Acheron's dark keep,  
Since if more sweetly you could strike the lyre,  
Than Thracian Orpheus, and with living fire  
Modulate the deep-echoing chord,  
In vain you ask a just reward—

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\* The above were written before the author had attained the age of fifteen. The name of this author is probably unknown to several of our readers; but we trust this specimen of his talents will lead many to seek a further acquaintance with them.

The fervid blood will never more return  
 To the pale, livid, shadowy cheek, and burn  
 With life's returning animated glow,  
 When once with awful verge, to darksome woe  
 Stern Mercury has driven to their posts,  
 'The sullen spectres, and the squallid ghosts.

Thus Fate immutable regards not man,—  
 Patience will temper what we cannot scan.

R. B—p.

### Marriages.

H. D. Lowndes, Esq. of Red-Lion Square, to Miss S. Lowe, of Montague-street. J. H. D'Arcey Hutton, of Aldburgh-Hall, Yorkshire, to Miss H. Aggas, of Earsham, Norfolk. Mr. J. Richardson, of Greenwich, to Miss E. B. Sims, of Blackheath. R. Jacomb, Esq. of John-street, to Miss C. Wright, eldest daughter of G. Elwall, Esq. of Aldermanbury. S. Painter, Esq. of Richmond, to Miss Mary, youngest daughter of the late Richard Penn, of Pennsylvania. At Darking, Col. Bromhead, of the 77th Regiment of Foot, to Miss M. Barclay, of Bury Hill. At Mary-le-bone church, Lieut. Colonel Lewis, eldest son of Charles Lewis, Esq. of St. Pierre, Monmouthshire, to Miss Caroline Jane, third daughter of the late Dyot Bucknall, Esq. of Hampton-Court.

### Deaths.

At Barnfield, Miss Short. F. Markett, Esq. of Meopham-Court Lodge, Kent. Capt. W. Hadden, of the 6th Regiment of Dragoons. Mrs. J. Kendall, of Bath. Mrs. Binckes, of Stratford, Essex. At Guildford, Mrs. James, aged 58. In Gower-street, Carew Elers, Esq. At Dover, Frances, the wife of Capt. Stephen Prendergast. At Brompton, Miss M. E. Rachael, eldest daughter of the late J. Falconer, of Bombay. In New King-street, Bath, aged 81, Anabella, relict of T. Edwards, Esq. of Pentypool. At Coybreend, Glamorganshire, David Philips, aged 102.

### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The communications of Miss A. M. Porter,—of Mrs. G.—of N.—A Love Song,—of Genevieve,—of D. W.—Sonnet, by R. H.—Loch Lomond Castle,—Lines, by J. B.—The Old Castle of Thornhausen,—The Suspicious Lovers,—Amanda,—Stanzas, by L. C.—Confessions of Brutus,—Charade, by D.—Query, by Octavius,—\* Gosport,—Lines by X,—On a Rose, by M.

We are always much pleased with the communications of N. and hope to be favored with them whenever it is convenient to him.

The request of Amaryllis is under consideration.

We are sorry to say, it is not in our power to give a decisive answer to D, Maria Melfort in our next. We have to apologize to our much-esteemed Correspondent for our former omission.





*M<sup>rs</sup> Elizabeth Carter.*

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